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Sefer

Spring 1992

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According to the "Analytical Concordance of the Bible," the meaning of sefer or sepher is derived from the Hebrew, meaning writing or book.

**Cover Art - "After Drinking a Glass of Orangeade,
Ike Discovers Life is Meaningless."
Brett Hartman**

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The Wind Blows

The wind blows,
And the tree sways under its spell,
Moving in delight at the gentle touch
Of the wind's breath.

The wind blows,
And the limbs bow in grace to the call;
Gentle bends turn to graceful curves
From the touch of the wind.

The wind blows,
And the leaves all dance in response;
Colors swirl and patterns are woven
In the presence of the wind.

Kevin Harp

Let's Conserve Energy

Like the sudden sun in a cloudy sky,
Your smile! Good heavens! Wonder why
Apollo doesn't save solar energy
And harness you to his chariot? Then he
could leave the sun turned off for your lifespan,
And your silver smile would warm the land.

Raleigh Rivers

The Deer

Creature in a hunted wood
Your silent stare before me stood.
I know you well and I know you're good.
I cannot aim but thought I could.

Vicki Carder

Skeletal Figures

Faded colours
To nothing.
White,
Yellowed like bones,
The only variation in
The monochromatic field.
It is wasted away.
Only the skeleton
Remains.
And that because it must
Or it too would decay.

The flags are wasted away
Just like the nations.
What real is left?
The powdered calcium
deposits.
Oh-
And their money.

R. Scott Hand



Andy Morton

PAST IS PAST

How would older writers fare
with modern interference?
Would their stories stay the same?
Or change in their appearance?

What if immortal Homer should
be introduced to King?
Together they might write a book:
"In Hell Adventuring!"

Or what if Poe and Shakespeare mixed
their styles just for laughs?
The bloody sonnets we might have
for modern epitaphs!

Should Ogden Nash have had the chance
to work with Aligherri,
Inferno II - The Sequel might
not turn out quite as scary!

Could Clemens have helped Coleridge,
it might have been our luck,
to see that ancient sailor raft
the Mississip with Huck!

Or what if modern heroes found
themselves in history?
Could they have overcome the odds
and won the victory?

Imagine, if your mind allows,
a dark and dismal night,
when from inside the Trojan Horse
springs Rambo to the fight!

An ancient Wrestlemania
the gods would love to see,
With Hulkster versus Hercules
on ancient pay TV!

Although the list seems ludicrous,
I think my point is clear:
Learn from the past, but leave it there!
Enjoy what we have here!

Rob Durney

Imagine this: Two beautiful red roses intertwined. Their color running together. The stems of these roses come from separate bushes. They are still buds, not fully blossomed.

There is a third, a White Rose with no thorns. He seems to be their Master, from where they draw their strength. It is this rose that binds them together.

Another bush with no roses tries to grow in between. This is a thorn bush.

The White Rose wrestles with no thorns. It takes all of the punishment these thorns can give, simply to protect these two beautiful red roses. The White Rose is bruised but still All Powerful. The thorn bush has tried to delete Him but he must try again. TRY AGAIN HE WILL!

The White Rose allows the thorn to grow taller knowing the resistance of the red roses will make them stronger.

After a while the two red roses have visible thorns grow on them where this bush has succeeded just a little, but as they grow together helping each other they learn of reliance. They also learn that if they extend their leaves and touch the White Rose their thorns will fall off and the thorn bush will have to start all over again.

This has opened a new petal, but they still are not fully blossomed.

Rachel Reynolds

University Status Reached

Faith, love, and contribution
Repaid with a memorial service—
Credit given of course.

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring
Help end this dehumanization.
Better fifty had come,
Than one hundred uncaring souls
Getting their tickets punched.

Founder of this institution
Forgive this atrocity.
You, who would honor a man,
Have insulted his family.
Do not come to my funeral;
You will not get credit.

R. Scott Hand

OH WHAT DO I LOVE MORE THAN GRITS?

Oh, what do I love more than grits?
Of course, there's Granny,
Then there's baseball.
But I certainly don't love you, little girl,
Since you turned my heart into a wall.

Granny will always love me.
I'll have baseball 'til October.
But as for loving you anymore,
Forget it! It's all over!

I love many things more than grits.
I still love grits, I do!
But when I think of things that I detest,
I love oatmeal more than you!

Chip Reeves

The Great Escape

A child wandered aimlessly
with boredom his most vicious foe;
Entrenched, he battled fearlessly
not knowing where to turn or go:
And so are generations lost...
Society must pay the cost.

What if by chance the fates did lead
this forlorn child to such a site,
A place in which to plant a seed
and elevate him to a height...
Beyond the countless stairs of stone
through portals to a new unknown.

When first its silent halls he sought,
a world laid bare before his eyes,
The knowledge of all ages, taught
to wait in patience for the wise
Who wade the waveless, printed seas
to solve perplexing mysteries.

When from those ageless volumes spoke
a voice, a whisper in his ear,
The flame within his heart to stoke:
"There's magic and adventure here!"
Hypnotic visions filled his head,
his feet pursued as visions fled.

They drew him down the countless isles
amidst the legends and the lore,
Through countless stories, countless miles
where few had ever gone before.
Imaginations once unchained
prove benefits later explained.

I will explain this tale I've told
although the journey never ends,
And tell why books both new and old
have since become my dearest friends:
When life has pinned you to the wall...
Escape's the greatest friend of all.

Rob Durney

Rainbow

The colors are vibrant and strong,
Bowling and arching for miles too long.

A red for passion and colorful rays,
A yellow for caution, in the lives that we lay.
Green and blue, to envy our hearts and make us true...
Such joyful, colorful radiance,
A rainbow of beauty and color, a glowing, abundant chance.

A rainbow gleams through curtains of clouds,
Draping the skyline, making my heart proud.
The radiance invites new hope and prayers...
Opening our lives, encouraging people to care.

The rainbow is building our lives today, creating our dreams,
Searching for answers that we haven't seen,
Searching and hoping, still leading the way...
To the endless pot of gold where people stray.
The rainbow gives happiness while people cheat and play...
The rainbow shines brightly in our hearts and lives today.

Barbie Perkins Cooper



Greggory Schaffer

Grandfather

He sat on the porch in his chair made of iron
And governed his family just so.
I played at the steps of the porch where my pillar
Of life sat to guard me from foe.

He sat stern, steadfast, stable, and somber,
Yet smiled when I glanced at his face.
I knew there embodied in his worn appearance
A love that resembled God's grace.

All my desires were met by my asking.
"I want to see how airplanes land."
"While we are out, let's get cola and peanuts."
"And Pa Pa, will you hold my hand?"

I remember on Sundays he'd take me to Folly
To outrun the waves and chase gulls.
I knew that I held him delighted, enchanted,
Vicariously living the things his age dulls.

He'd take me to Pfaehlers¹ to choose favorite candies,
All that I wanted—no less,
Then off to the square, across boarded flooring
To purchase a new sailor dress.

We walked down the square hand in hand as he nodded.
He knew everyone that we passed.
With my head turned upward and cooled by his shadow,
My perspective of life was there cast.

Vicki Carder

¹An old grocery store in Summerville.

Chaipu (a thought)

Oh, I'm in a changing world
That always stays the same.
A new wind blows the will of man
Only to bring him back again
To the place from which he came.
Oh, yes, I'm in a changing world
That always stays the same.

Aaron W. Shelley

True Love

True love isn't found;
It's not just a whim.
True love is nurtured,
Kept deep within.

It's for that special someone,
God chooses to bring.
It's to be cherished and guarded,
To make your heart sing.

So wait in faith and patience,
Let Him open the doors.
For in the appointed season,
True love will be yours.

Troy Green

Racism in Backyard

Racism is known to most people as discrimination against another person because of their ethnic background. I know a different kind of racism and it's from my own race. The world is full of hatred and jealousy. I have lived my life being discriminated against by my own race. I used to cry about the discrimination in my high school, my neighborhood, and on my job. The racism I talk about could only do one thing for these people and that's keep them behind.

I attended Wando High School, in Mt. Pleasant S.C., and the racism from my race was tremendous. The saying was if you were anything like Derrick Brown, you were an Oreo cookie. What that meant was a black trying to be white. The other comments were about my having a car at the age of fifteen. "He thinks he is better than everyone else because he has a car." The majority of my peers were not like that, but there were quite a few who were. I didn't understand why people felt this way. Then, it dawned on me; it was because I was intelligent, and I didn't speak with the typical idea of how an African American speaks. My black peers didn't like the fact that I made it a point to make myself successful in life. The big thing for most guys was to skip classes, hang out in packs on the wall during lunch, and after school to start fights for no reason. I was never like that and now I'm in college and most of them are two grades behind where they are supposed to be in high school. My goal is to strive to be successful by working hard to keep my grades up.

I live in a country community on the outskirts of Mount Pleasant called Awendaw. I have lived with racism in my neighborhood all my life. I know this is probably strange to most people. My family is very large and we pretty much dominate my small community. My family owns several of the stores and most of the night clubs in this area. When my father died, he left a very large sum of money to my brother and me. My mom didn't need his money because she has been a very successful banker for seventeen years now. The fact that we do have a little money now doesn't mean anything. My neighborhood is full of people who can't stand the fact that my family is successful. My mother has been a single parent for the last eleven years. The people in my neighborhood don't realize that being independent isn't easy sometimes. For instance, when we got a new mailbox that was different from everyone else's, they knocked it in the ditch. My mom bought a new car that evidently offended someone because they smashed the tail lights out. The list could go on, but I get emotional every time I think about it. I think the reason they do it is because they feel my family has "forgotten where we came from." My response to that is if we have forgotten where we came from, we sure know where we are going. The point is we can't live in the past anymore. If you work hard for what you want you will receive. My family works hard to maintain a civil life and if some of my neighbors would stop worrying about what we have maybe they would succeed also.

Although I have had many experiences of racism from my own race, I can say I'm still proud of who I am and my race. The small margin of people who still want to live in the past can stay there. I'm a person who knows what I want, and I will succeed if I believe in myself. My goal is to one day own my own hotel, and if I work hard, I will do it. My mom had a dream and she is living proof of hard work and determination. I extend a prayer to anyone who doesn't want to let the past rest.

Derrick Brown

Laus Deo Semper

Greetings reader - greetings fiend
Are you hoping that I'll sing
A rime of love?
Or maybe that these words
Will paint
Your perfect flower?
Or perhaps tell you that
You are doing everything right?
You - in your - well done my
Good and faithful servant mid-life
crisis.
We may be gods ourself someday . . .
Pat . . . pat . . . pat . . .
Roses are Red
Violets are Blue
If Jesus were here
He'd go to BSU.
Is that what your poetry is like?

Well, I refuse.
Life is hard-
Life is real-
God is bigger than you!
Pain is bigger than you.
Love is an illusion and
Peace is dream . . .
All that is real is real . . .
A sponge is real on a damp day,
But in a rain storm, it,
like you,
is helpless - hopeless.
Money is real.
It can buy your love.
It can buy your church.
It can buy your death.
Here is your symbolism:
I was paid to donate blood!
I get sick.
Too sick for everything
Too sick to be real
In the world
Of false reality.

AAAHHHHH! psycho-babble.....
i am the lamp of chaos
i am the epitome of loneliness
i am the eyesight of the blind
i am the rhythm in a deaf world
i am the sane mind amidst the turmoil of nature
I am the paradox of life

I know a girl
That is too insane for you.
But I say you are insane
And you are a servant
To your insecurities.

She is your wisdom.
She is your poet.
She is your salvation.
But sated dogs don't want salvation...
They just want to lie
In the sun
And let fleas feast, too.
That's you - that's you.
I know a boy who
Wore your mask for too long.
Now he lives a life
Too unsafe to conserve
Or preserve
His reputation.
You scoff him.
You say he has nothing
You want anymore.
I say he's had enough of you....
Of your masks.
I say he knows God
Better than any of you...
Because I saw Angels
In his bottle.

He's on a different level...
Blind and proud..
Eddie the drifting Bible.
His words of wisdom-
Songs of praise-
He gives his all for better days.
Pointed finger-
Pointed intentions...
He loves you, too!
Because you're a fortune cookie in disguise.

But I, I am nobody's puppet!
I would like to yell - Nonconformity!
Or - Chaos! - but
Society told me to yell-
So I can't.
I want to make you smile
But you need to think more.
So for the sake
Of the future-
Die with me-
Die to yourself-
Die to society-
Die to everything you've ever loved
And start over-
Looking inward. Amen

Greg E. Mackey

goth

Always benevolent
Never suspected
Always irrelevant
Always neglected

Meandering through the
Icy
Labyrinth of
Involuntary solitude,

Through the
Callous frigid chill,
i cling to this
Lifeless lifeline.
Slowly...
Yet surely myself
i kill
Bathing in this needle's shine.

Leaving behind that tattered
Shell
Wishing myself i knew
Deadly deeds in living
Hell
Parallel lives askew.

Jimmy Howell

Canyons of Childhood

Shallow streams of water
Trickle past my feet
As I prance without my shoes
In canals that cross the streets
Of my pine shaded small town.
There the sun and shadows play
Beneath a canopy of greenery
That cools my summer day.
I kick and splash the water
With my playmates as we run
Along great canyons of my childhood,
Making memories one by one.

Vicki Carder

Hatred vs. Love

Into this World Hatred comes
Far more often than Love.
Just observe and you will agree
That Hatred wins out completely.
Yet when Love does occasionally prosper,
The very stars pause to gaze in wonder.

Raleigh Rivers

I will still die

Life was simple yesterday. Religion was simple and people were simple. What more could a humble soul want?

Today I met a man who was religious about religion. He pointed his long, narrow finger, which was full of convictions, at me and told me what God said to me last night in a dream. This priest of a prophet may have been a Holy Messenger for all I know. He gave me the "How to live a God-fearing life" pamphlet, which was full of "love one another" sayings, and I gave him a raised eyebrow.

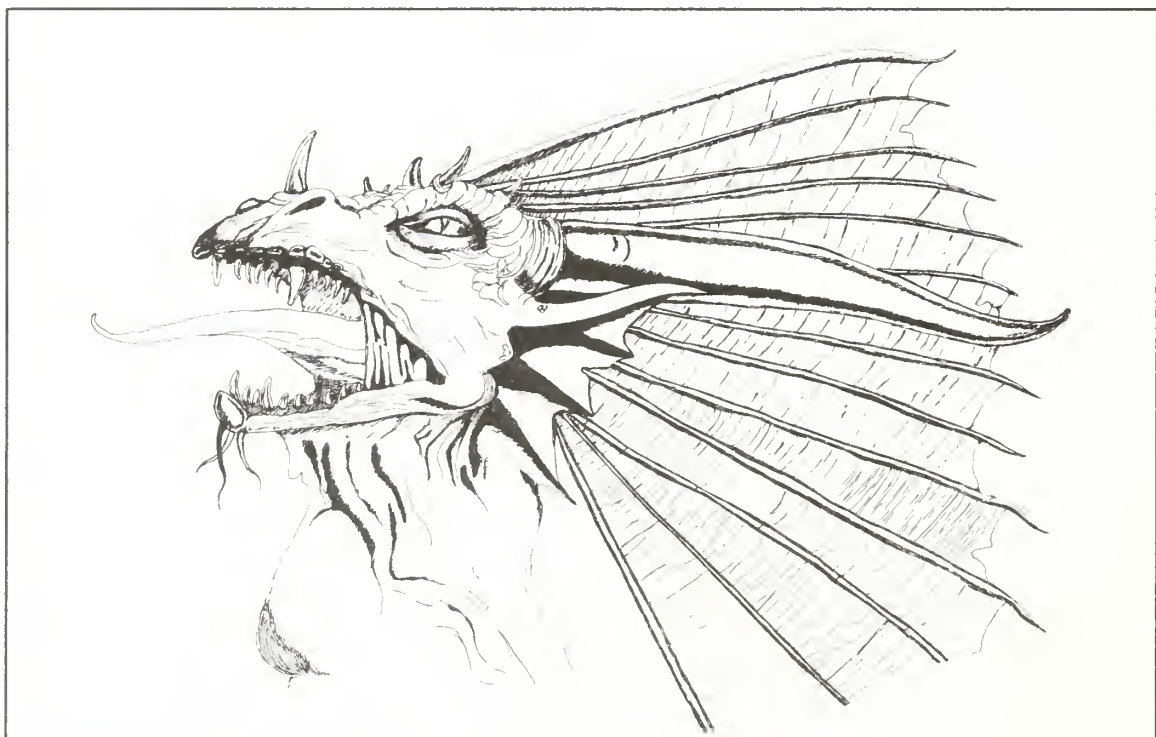
Next came Miss Lust Incarnate, the woman worth a song or two. I gave her a love one another quote; she gave me her phone number. I then yelled out a couple of "Hail Marys."

The prophet with the potent quotables witnessed all of this and mumbled off something about a blasphemous Catholic and threw his KJV boomerang style. I ducked and the Bible, with concordance, hit Miss Lust. The two-foot-long page marker hog-tied her ankles and she hit the ground.

At that moment, time froze. Here I was, a young man, caught between the forces of Good and Evil, between a woman of immeasurable beauty and a man of unequaled bitterness, between a man trying to save souls and a woman who now owned mine. I knew that my very existence was about to be justified.

I'm still living in that moment. Still trying to decide what to do. Both sides are fighting a losing battle. Or maybe it's just that both sides are represented by losers. Even though I'm in Limbo, I've already decided that, no matter which side (if either) I'll call my own, I'll still die.

Greg E. Mackey



Greggory Schaffer

Pebble Mountains

Have You ever seen
Your best friend
Cry?
And known that You
Could do nothing
To lessen the hurting or pain
In any way?
The feelings of
Helplessness and sorrow
Overwhelm You,
As if the tears
You watch rolling
Down those cheeks
Are drops from the deluge of emotion
Welling up within You,
Yet spilling from
Those eyes.

I am not eloquent enough
To soothe away Your pain.
Nor bold enough
To ever risk hurting You
By building hope
Upon an unsure foundation.
You have seen
Buildings fall around You
But I pray to be buried alive
If any falling debris of mine
Were ever to hit You.
So for now I am
Your silent companion.
I can only wait with you
And be here when You call.
Seeking to move mountains
For You,
If only a pebble at a time.
For such is our friendship,
Such is our love.

R. Scott Hand



Please understand—I'm not upset.
Nor am I afraid,
For I am sure it's safe here. Yet,
There's one thing that remains....

Of all the things I have here now,
I must say that I lack
The answer to a question,
The reason for a fact.
Why did you not love me?
What could I have done?
I know that I was helpless;
Emotions, I had none,
But later on in life
I could have brought you joy.
Gladly you'd have given me,
On Christmas, a bright toy.
I could have laid my weary head
Upon your restful arm,
Where we'd both take a moment's rest
From the world and all its harm.
I am not angry, I say again,
In my voice there is no hate,
But I must ask this question,
On why you sealed my fate...

Did you not know that I could feel your heart
Beating next to mine?
Did you not know that I could hear your voice
Singing out a rhyme?

Did you not want to look into my eyes?
Did you not want to hear my humble cries?

Mom, why were you not able to give,
That I might have been able to live?

With Love, The Aborted Child.

Aaron W. Shelley

As I Am Neutral, Being Neither Good Nor Evil, Part I

I once was floating down a stream
In a craft all made of cork.
I had two friends along with me:
One a ghost, the other pork.
My phantom friend was quite afraid
Of getting wet, so he stayed
All alone up in the crow's nest.

The pig was always making wake
Storming up and down the deck.
An angry pig, Camicion
With ice hanging from his neck.
Camicion from Cocytus hailed;
In his past, I heard, he failed
His family to the butcher.

The ghost was from Empyrean.
This silent one gave no name
But if I had to make a guess:
Christ and he are both the same.
Of my companions, one was swine,
The next was beautifully divine.
This was my crew, my bloody crew.

And I, the captain of the ship,
Am getting sicker everyday.
Camicion won't raise the sail
And Jesus, all he does is pray.
But we've got luck; the ship sails strong.
It seem this crew can do no wrong.
But I fear my end is nearing.

Greg E. Mackey

Papa's Precious Lifetime

As a young man, Papa worked on a loom,
Spinning the fibers, feeling his life was doomed.
His fingers worked hard to build a better life,
And soon he felt better, he found a wife.
He lived life in the fast lane, drinking his wine.
They moved to Bibb City, to build a better lifetime.
But riches never happened; it was only a dream.
In his thirties, he spoke of a lifestyle, some cattle and a farm,
But Miss Winnie dreamed bigger; she wanted security, without harm.

As life continued passing, his mind began to stray;
At times he would talk of his childhood; he lived in another day.
His grandchildren were growing in another time and place;
Papa never approved, he wanted us dressed in Victorian lace.
At sixty he retired, to fish and to work
In a yard filled with flowers, flourished from nature's dirt.

Before long, he would wonder around in a state,
Not knowing who he was, or where he was, or if he just ate.
Miss Winnie became ill, she died at sixty-five,
Leaving Papa alone, to live a life no longer by her side.

As time continued passing, he would walk around in a daze,
Speaking in tongues no longer understood, his mind became a maze.
He no longer knew where he was, or what he was to do.
His friends became strangers, along with family too.
A mind regressing disease has taken away.

I visited him one summer; he was crippled, wrinkled and old.
Strapped into a wheelchair, his fingers were icy cold.
I hugged him, feeling the thinness of his bones;
His dreams of a lifetime were suddenly gone.
I looked at him, staring into vacant eyes;
I was no one Papa could recognize.
Tears swelled my eyes; I wanted to make him see,
A granddaughter now grown and happy, proud of the world, and me.
He rolled the wheelchair away, stopping in front of a window; he mumbled.
I wanted to run away.

Years later, his memory completely gone,
He died quietly, in peace, singing a religious song.
The disease of Alzheimer's had stolen his mind,
Robbing Papa of his precious lifetime.

(in memory of Jesse V. Hunter—"Papa")

Barbie Perkins Cooper

EMPTY MARKERS

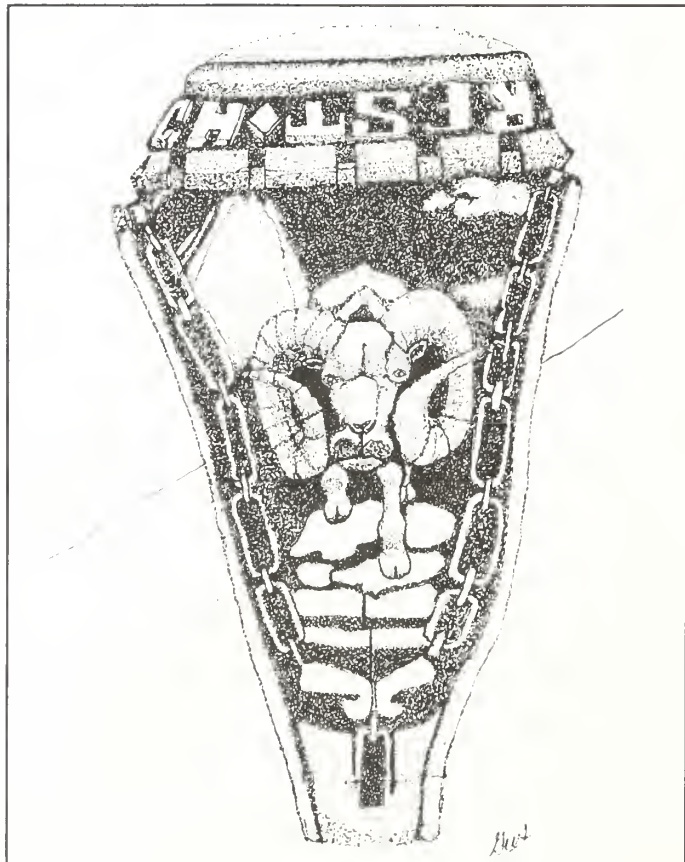
Etched in stone of marble white,
Words that will not fade,
Phrases meant to bring to light,
Passing accolade.

Sing a song of bravery
to the common man.
Kept in social slavery,
did the best one can.

Never wore the laurel wreath,
life so simply done,
victory entombed beneath,
sleep now justly won.

Life renewed in mother earth,
laughing at the stone,
death is cheated in rebirth,
tombstones stand alone.

Rob Durney



Greggory Schaffer

While Riding to My Dreams

Time doesn't matter.
I'm on my own;
Gonna climb that ladder.

Runnin' through
Dixie blue
On a two-lane blacktop.
Rollin' down,
I hear a sound
A "Misty Mountain Hop."

Independence
With my two cents.
They can all stay behind.
Got my dreams
Held at the seams.
Feel the warm Caroline.

Destiny
Leading me,
I'll show them who I am.
Southern road
From my home.
I'll show them that I can.

Oh, mother,
No other.
You will never know.
Leave me,
Believe me,
How far can I go?

Just my story;
Don't you worry.
I'll still love you in the end.
Behind the wheel,
Made the deal.
I'll be back at home again.

Michael Chewning

ethereal-gloom

living blindly
i must feel
pain inside me
all too real

i endure
never express
pain so pure
fevered distress

i give up
i acquiesce
i shoot up
to make me less

fatal decision
poison taken
life omission
life forsaken

Jimmy Howell

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Scott Hand...editorial staff

Isaac Cropp...assistant editor

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